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The Liberalist

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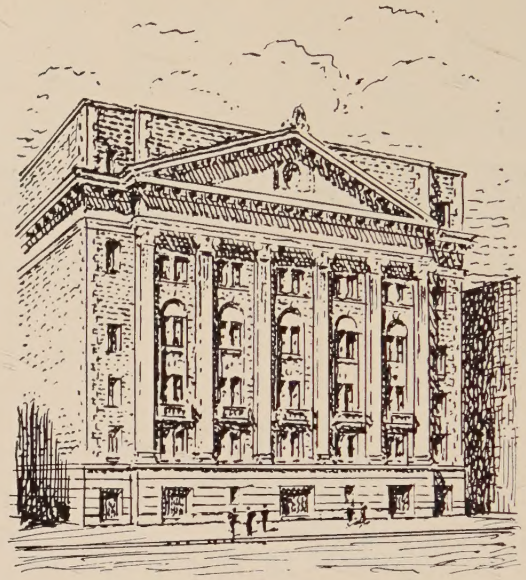
June

A song is in the hermit's breast
And glee is in the robin's lay;
The eggs are warm within the nest
That friendly breezes lightly sway.

The stream is singing through the glen
And there is gladness in its tune;
The roses are in bloom again,
The fields proclaim that it is June.

By gentle winds the leaves are stirred
Where honey from the clover drips;
The maiden leans to hear the word
That trembles on her lover's lips.

The orchard shadows slowly shrink
The glorious year is at its noon;
Oh, if there is a heaven, I think
That there it always will be June.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

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PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 6th, 1945

IT IS now about twenty minutes of ten in San Francisco, and one of the things which I found myself constantly doing while I was on the west coast was looking at my watch and wondering what time it was in Chicago. Then when I finally knew what time it was in Chicago, I started always to think and wonder what those I knew and loved in Chicago were doing, and each Sunday morning while I was away, I would wait for nine o'clock San Francisco time, look at my watch and I would say, "They are just beginning the processional in The Peoples Church at home," and it did not matter what I was doing for that hour and a half, from nine o'clock until ten-thirty San Francisco time, my heart was here in this Church which I love. I did not really realize how much I love this Church and love you until I went away. Perhaps it is a good thing to go away once in a while—perhaps it is a good thing for one to get a little perspective upon one's self and one's work, and you will never know, and I cannot find words to express, how I have missed you and how grateful I am that now, with nearly 6,000 miles of travel behind me for the moment, I am able to stand once again in this beloved spot which is the heart and the center and the soul of my life.

The first Sunday I was away, I arrived at the open pier just as the processional started, and when I alighted from the San Francisco Limited onto the pier at Oakland to take the ferry over to San Francisco it was just 9:15, and I said "It is 11:15 in The Peoples Church of Chicago," and there, with the view of that glorious shoreline of San Francisco, and the lovely bay, as I stood on the bow of our ship and looked over to my right at Alcatraz Island, and a little further on, around the bend, to the great Golden Gate Bridge, in the warm, beautiful sunshine, while all about, everywhere, in the harbor, as I have not found it anywhere in the United States, were evidences of war . . . still in the midst of all that I was thinking about my Church and you.

I had the very good fortune on the journey out to San Francisco to travel in the same car with Commander Stassen, a member of our delegation,

together with members of the staff of Brazil, of Ecuador, and one or two from Honduras, together with members of the Serbian delegation who were going to San Francisco as a protest group and not as members of the regular organization from Yugoslavia, because that organization was appointed by Tito and this particular group were followers of Mihailovich. All the way out to the west coast in that very preliminary stage of the introduction to the conference, I had an opportunity of talking long and often with our traveling companions. We were met on the wharf at Oakland and taken to the hotel which was made the headquarters while I was there.

Now, there are experiences which one has that I think can never be recaptured again. Memory serves us well and we recall the experiences, but the depth and the quality of the experience can never be wholly and adequately relived. I have had one of those moments. Those of you who have been privileged to travel abroad will recall such a feeling, perhaps, that you had, —I have had it twice before in my life,—o n c e s t a n d i n g on the little steamer "Montcalm" when the Captain said "In an hour we should see the coastline of Iceland," and again in 1914 on the steamship "Saturnia" when the captain said, "About daybreak we should see the first thin, green line of the Irish coast," and when I saw those two parts of the world for the first time from the sea, an indescribable experience took place within me emotionally which I have never been able to recapture. Now I have had another one, an experience which even though I have tried thoughtfully and analytically to build something which I wanted to say to you this morning, I find it almost impossible for me to project the feelings which I have.

The way was easily and quickly opened for the first session of the United Nations' Conference on International Organization. I wish that people who are remote from the conference—although there is hardly any such thing, due to the facilities and the great job that radio is doing—but I wish that we would get a clear conception first of all, and use the proper title of the conference. It was unfortunate that the Mayor of San Francisco, in his welcoming address at the opening session, referred to the "Peace Conference." Now, what we have tried to do, and what we must continue to do, at the danger of being dull and uninteresting, is to impress constantly upon the people that the San Francisco Conference *IS NOT A PEACE CONFERENCE,* and yet 90% of the people of the United States have an idea that the San Francisco Conference is a Peace Conference. That simply is not true! Each time I have had the opportunity of speaking with Mr. Stettinius and the other members of the American delegation, all of whom I know well and have met frequently they have asked us to emphasize it over and over again, that the people must clear their minds of the idea that what is being attempted in San Francisco is a peace conference. It is no such thing, it is not on the agenda of the Conference at all! And the opening session of that Conference was the experience which I had in mind to tell you about.

I think that something ought to be said by way of tribute to the City of San Francisco. Now I know that there are a lot of people here this morning and a lot of people who live in the Middlewest, who will immediately say to me: "Well, Doctor Bradley, you were only in San Francisco, California about a couple of weeks and yet you have been smitten by the disease," because it is traditional that everybody who has ever been to California and

stayed there any length of time comes to feel that every other place in the world is secondary to California.

Well, something must be said for someone in the City of San Francisco who had vision enough to take advantage of a great natural setting of incomparable splendor to build a great civic center for the City of San Francisco. I have been in every large city of the world, except the cities of the Orient, where I have never been, and I know of nothing comparable to the planning and achievement of San Francisco with their great Civic Center. Instead of having the library in one part of the city, the Opera House in another, a great, commodious, interesting auditorium in another, a great Memorial building to the veterans of San Francisco, instead of having all of these units separated all over the city with no unity of architectural symmetry or design, someone in San Francisco, on one of their eight hills, conceived the idea of a Civic Center, and there is the great heart and soul of San Francisco in those beautiful, beautiful buildings. It impressed me and increased the impression every time I visited them, and I practically lived in the Civic Center all the time I was gone. They did something which I have not seen in any other city. When we begin to talk about memorials to our soldier and sailor dead, let us have no more monuments, no more useless things, no more statues, none of those things that belong to a certain era in which we Americans attempted to immortalize our heroic dead. Let us build things that will be serviceable. San Francisco built a great Veterans Headquarters, a beautiful building, in which were housed all the departments and many of the activities of the City of San Francisco, all of which moved out for our Conference and turned over this great veterans' Memorial as one of the most active buildings and parts of the whole conference. Right next to it is the incomparable Opera House, that does not look like a factory, and is not a half mile from the first row of the balcony to the stage, but a beautiful Opera House with all that it implies. Right near by, around the Square, is the Auditorium, and then the great Public Library, all a unit, all a center —it is beautiful. The sessions were all held in the Grand Opera House in San Francisco.

And now, for a moment, before we get into some other matters, I think all of us who were privileged to be there, and in fact all over America, were deeply conscious of the importance of the conference. I think that all of us felt that something was on trial, that possibly our whole dream and ideal of an integrated world was on trial. I think that some of us felt that either we were on the threshold of humanity's greatest experiment for comity, or that we were standing on the threshold of an abyss of darkness and failure. There was an intensity, there was no levity, none whatever. No one whom I knew or saw was taking things lightly; there was a feeling of seriousness, deep undertones, deep undercurrents running through it all, and when we went for the opening session which took place at 3:30 p.m. San Francisco time and we were ushered into our seats, very good ones they were too, in the Opera House, there was in my heart and soul a feeling as though I was in the *PRESENCE OF DESTINY!* Up until that moment very few of the delegates had arrived. The upper part of the Opera House was filling up with pressmen. There were more than 1,500 pressmen, nearly 1,000 radio broadcasters, and I sat there and I felt the presence of the dead, the best way I can describe it, of the dead. I thought of the boys who

are still fighting, several of our boys are in the 3rd Army which, while I am speaking to you, is meeting resistance in Czechoslovakia. War is not over for them, and it just seemed to me that the whole atmosphere of that Opera House was vibrant with the presence of those who had died in this war. Then, as each delegation came into the Opera House, one by one, a band concealed somewhere, which I never saw, played just a few bars of music which would identify that delegation. They had a very difficult time with one or two delegations, because they had no national anthem and the band did not know what to do, and not being a musician myself I don't know what they did do, but as they came into the Opera House the band did its best to recognize them. And the delegation which received most of the interest and an awakening of the welcome which went all about the place, were our friends from Arabia, in their long, black gowns, the white flowing headgear with the two black insignia bands over their heads—they were the most romantically dressed of all the people there, and interestingly enough, the one to whom I spoke speaks very good English indeed. You are familiar I presume with the true incident that happened in the St. Francis Hotel when the delegation entered the lobby and was passing through it, and a lady remarked, "Aren't they romantic, and wonderful?" One of them turned to her and said in perfect English, "Madam, you should see us on a horse." From the point of view of romance, they were indeed the center of attention. And then, one by one, all the delegations came in, our own led by Senator Connally and Mr. Stassen, Miss Gildersleeve, Mr. Sol Blum and our representatives who were in various capacities in the delegation, then the British delegation came in, with Mr. Anthony Eden and his group; and then a hush went al over the assembly because the banc started Russian music and everybod knew that Mr. Molotov and the Rus sian delegation were arriving. They ar rived, and that little flurry of welcom that goes over an audience when some thing unusual happens, reached it climax, and Mr. Molotov, always wit five bodyguards, entered. Everyon else went in and out of the conventio as freely, just as you would in and ou of your home, all of the heads of th Big Four, all went about freely at an time, but Mr. Molotov—and I saw hir seven or eight times,—never appeare anywhere, at any time, without a body guard of five men. They were strong powerful Russians, and they made wedge for him and he walked in th center of the wedge. We had to sho our credentials five or six times befor we ever could get into the sessions c the Opera House. No assembly eve gathered on this earth where it wa more impossible for one not entitled t be there to get into the conference. Th checking of credentials was simpl thorough. In the first place, the who area of the Civic Center of San Fran cisco was blocked off by a police bloc ade. Even the streetcars did not sto in that area, and no one, unless he ha something to do with the conferenc could ever get into the building, and w had to show our credentials to the ou side police line, and five or six differe times, including twice after we were i side the Opera House itself. Now, th shows you how they were guarded, an may I call your attention to this fa that, so far as I know, very little, anything, has been said or publishe about it. Of course, I have not ha the opportunity of listening to all th radio reports, but I was where th part of history was being made. I w present when Mr. Kaltenborn broa cast on Thursday, and was meeti

these men while the broadcasts were being given, but very little has been said about the fact that the military protection for the City of San Francisco and the Civic Center of San Francisco was more than quardrupled at the moment the conference began, and still exists. I mean by that, that they are not going to take any chance that a suicide squad from Japan might attack the conference; and San Francisco, and the military center and Civic Center were under as fine and adequate military protection in the sky, on the earth, and in the harbor and the sea, as any area of the world during this war. The protection was tremendous and was felt everywhere. And yet in spite of all that, Mr. Molotov never left his five strong guards; they were with him all of the time. I don't know who could ever get into the Opera House to do him any harm. And he also insisted, on arrival, of being given a bullet-proof limousine, which he had, which I have seen—I did not get a ride in it, but I saw it and it was bullet-proof. There are a great many reasons for all these things.

Well, the moment came—I know that you all heard a description of the stage itself. The designing of the stage was done by a very celebrated stage designer in New York who was brought out to San Francisco and he did a very remarkable and beautiful thing. Four columns, in the back, of gold, a background of blue. Gold and blue, the colors of California, and then between the four columns, back and up in the rear of the stage, were very beautifully arranged flagstaffs upon which floated the colors of all the nations, and these colors were arranged in alphabetical order. I sat and studied them for a while and it took me quite a while to find the American flag. All hung with the same artistry of folds, and their colors blended so imperceptibly and appropriately that it was quite a while before I could find the American flag, but I did find it, it was there, and all the flags of these nations were arranged alphabetically because they did not want to hurt anyone's feelings.

Now, you know how it is even among people speaking the same language, who go to the same Church, who are members of the same organization—you know how easy it is to hurt somebody's feelings, even where you all speak the same language. Now, what can you expect when you have 46—and now in a day or two, 49—nations together with various cultural traditions, racial traditions, various languages, various backgrounds — why, there is an explosion possible any moment, everybody sensitive, everybody suspicious, everybody wondering, and if they had arranged those flags in any other way, you can see what would have happened. So no one felt badly about that. One newspaper reporter said to me, "They should have but one flag, the Stars and Stripes." And I replied, "And the Conference would have adjourned immediately," and it would have been the end of the Conference then and there. I spoke to Mr. Stettinius when the matter was up on the question of the prayer for the opening of the assembly. You may have noticed that the Conference did not open with prayer, and there was a very good reason for that. There has been a great deal of criticism because the Conference did not open with prayer, but if you will recall, notably the conference in Washington, where the prayer was given by an Episcopal Bishop, and because he realized that he was speaking to all religions and races and creeds, he made a universal prayer, and that man practically had to get out of town because he did not mention "Jesus" in that prayer.

Because there were in the Confer-

ence Mohammedans, Roman Catholics, Atheists, Jews,—every type of religious philosophy known to man was at San Francisco—they concluded, and I think rightly so, that they would have a moment of meditation and each person could say their own prayer in their own language, and in their own ideal of God, for the future of the Conference. That is the reason it did not open with audible prayer. For just a moment there was a hush, perfect silence, then walking out on the platform came seventeen members of the United States Military Forces, each division of our military life was represented in uniform. Standing in front of the flags of 46 nations before the four columns, they stood at attention for the whole time. There was a moment of eloquent silence such as I have never known anywhere. First, the Secretary General of the Conference, then Mr. Stettinius, followed by the Mayor of San Francisco, and Governor Warner of the State of California. When Mr. Stettinius took the gavel, a present to him of California redwood trimmed with solid silver and presented to him by the Sons of the American Revolution, he struck it three times, everybody stood, and he said, quite simply, "The United Nations' Conference on International Organization is now convened." He struck the gavel again and when the audience was seated he said, "There will be one moment of meditation."

Perfect silence: there they sat, the nations of the world, in perfect silence. It was an indescribable moment. And then he said, quite simply, "The President of the United States," and the voice of Mr. Truman filled the Opera House—they listened. Then Mr. Stettinius introduced the Mayor of San Francisco who gave an address of welcome, the Governor of the State of California who spoke eloquently and effectively. Mr. Stettinius replied in a very well chosen address, and in just 43 minutes from the time he had first announced the opening, the first plenary session of the United Nations' Conference came to a close.

Now, why a united world at all? Why San Francisco anyway? Why have any such meeting going on in the world at this moment? I cannot go into that, I will later, I will tonight when I speak here at 8 o'clock on some other matters of the Conference itself, but I am thinking this morning of something far beyond the difficulties and the turmoil and the discussions and the disputes that are bound to arise, and of course that is not to be unexpected, neither should it be avoided. Democracy is on trial in the world! We are finding out whether a democratic majority in a conference can include a previously Nazi State like Argentina by a majority vote. Mr. Molotov with all the mysticism and realism of the Slav does not forget that only 25 years ago his nation was not even invited to a World Conference, and does not forget in the flush of victory in this hour the great triumph of the Russian Military. He does not understand the psychology of the question of democracy. He must be thought of most kindly, it will never do for us to go back upon the democratic processes themselves. I am going tonight into the question of the Conference chairmanship, the difficulties of Poland, and some of the questions that have to do with some of these different issues, but it is the broader pattern inside the area of a service of worship in which we are thinking of the potentiality of man and the race.

Why San Francisco at all? Let us not forget there would be no San Francisco if it were not for the fact of what these nations, notably Russia, Great Britain, the United States, and China

have done upon battlefields. It was human blood that gave you San Francisco! If it had not been for the ability of the Russians to make that long, bloody trail from the gates of Leningrad to the Chancellery of the Third Reich in the heart of Berlin—if it had not been for the brave, gallant men who came out of the waters of Dunkerque, bleeding, and without arms, who fought their way back again from Tunisia across the deserts of Africa to the coasts of the Mediterranean—if it had not been for brave Americans who landed on Normandy's beachheads and who are in this very moment, in the heart of the City of Prague in Czechoslovakia where the last stand of the Nazi beasts and Huns are waiting for the possibility of Norway surrendering to Britain and America rather than to the Russians—had it not been for the brave American men, for American dollars, and for American blood, *THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO SAN FRANCISCO TO BEGIN WITH!* Had it not been for the undefeatable quality of the Chinese under Chiang Kai-shek, there would have been no San Francisco. Let us in America remember that. Hitler would have been holding his conference in the City of Berlin at this hour, and that Quisling of Norway, and Petain of France, and the great traitors of Poland and Russia, let us not forget that it would have been a different world conference than the one it is had not that conference been created out of human suffering and sorrow. Don't lose sight of that, America, when you think of San Francisco and its problems.

Hitler is dead; Mussolini is dead; the tyrants, one by one, are walking into the hall of their eternal hell where they will hear for all eternity the shrieks of starving, tortured people. Remember that about San Francisco! *SAN FRANCISCO WAS BOUGHT AT A GREAT PRICE, AMERICA! LET US TREAT CAREFULLY, ANALYTICALLY, SOBERLY AND CONSTRUCTIVELY THE PROBLEMS THAT ARE BEFORE US AND THE WORLD!*

Let us remember that!

From Dr. Bradley's Book "My Daily Strength"

INHERENT GOODNESS

God, to me, increasingly becomes the infinite manifestation of that which is eternally good. I have long recognized the perfect right of every individual to believe as he or she chooses to believe and as the dictates of human conscience and human reason exist for them. I happen to accept the point of view in regard to people that most people are very fine. I mean by that, I accept most people as honest. I think most people mean well. I do not share at all the attitude that so many people have, that humanity is basically and fundamentally corrupt.

Eternal Heart of all mankind, help me to see beyond the narrow confines of race, of color, of church and creed—beyond all that limits humankind. Help me to know that in spite of ancestry, or color, or creed, or religion, or birth, or nationality, in spite of everything, in spite of all, man is brother to his fellowmen; and every black man, every yellow man, every white man, and every red man, every Roman Catholic, every Jew, every Protestant, every Atheist, and every man who may be different than I am, is still, underneath the differences, my brother.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

AFTER two of the most interesting weeks of my life, spent in San Francisco at the Conference, I found it good to be back in Chicago. I had hoped and desired with all my heart that on V-E Day I would be in Chicago and my hopes were realized. My heart, like yours, is overflowing with gratitude and with inexpressible joy that one phase of this global war is finished. One would need the vocabulary of a John Milton or a William Shakespeare to express adequately the feelings which existed in our hearts when that news broke over the land. Vividly could we recall the scenes of that never-forgotten day the 11th of November, 1918. Those of us who lived through both of these days cannot avoid thinking of the contrasts. That far-off day, which released the almost uncontrollable emotions of us all was only an armistice—an armistice which in one very true sense was never anything else but an armistice.

On May 8th this year, as far as the European theatre of this war, it was not an armistice day, but a day of unconditional surrender. At long last the slow but inevitable triumph of right and decency and truth and righteousness caught up with the forces of darkness, of torture, of hate and of destruction. The inevitable judgment day arrived. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all." The strutting, pompous, sawdust Caesar rests upon a bed of sawdust in a wooden coffin, in a grave with not even his name above him, while the fate of the screeching, scheming, hating, deceiving and lying house painter is at the moment obscure. His destiny, too, is no less ignoble and his defeat no less established.

There are no precedents in all of history for the hour in which we live. A war which rims the world, and half of that war to stop and the other half continue. It is not easy, indeed if it is even possible, for us to bi-sect our emotions, and on one side exult over peace and on the other side face the necessity of continuing war, yet that is the position we are in. All of the exultation and relief which we have in our hearts, that the earth and sky of Europe have been quieted from the din of the artillery of war, is offset by the fact that in another part of our globe the big hospita

ships of the sky are landing our wounded on Guam, en route to hospitals in the homeland. On May 8, for the first night in nearly five years thousands of our American fathers and mothers slept more unbrokenly and rested more easily; and there were thousands of others, parents and relatives, loved ones and friends, whose joy was touched by the memory that other loved ones would never know the joy which came upon us, but whose dying made possible V-E Day for us. Of the ruined and devastated countries of Europe that have known the crushing brutality of a tyrant's heel, whose lands have been laid waste, whose cities have been demolished, whose youth have been destroyed, whose old have been tortured, whose young have been scarred, we who have never known the full sorrow and agony of a combat zone, have little understanding and cannot comprehend how those who have survived must feel.

A new era has begun. We now face the long and difficult task of rehabilitation, reconstruction, readjustment, which is before us all, and that task is made more difficult and more important because at the same time we must continue in undiminished and uninterrupted effort the war in the Pacific. The world cannot really breathe easier until the last vestige of tyranny, of Fascism and Nazism has been eradicated from the earth. The United Nations cannot, the United Nations must not, to their own peril, permit the heart of Europe to revert into savagery, anarchy and blight.

We now have before us the immediate responsibility of using our resources, our leadership and our educational facilities to their fullest for the integration of Europe, just as effectively and powerfully as we have used these same forces for the defeat of our enemies. If we fail in this, the fruits of military victory will turn bitter and acrid. Just as we had a responsibility in war, so we have a responsibility in peace, and first of all, it must be the right kind of peace, and there can be no right and enduring peace until those responsible for the carnage and the wreckage shall be brought to the eternal portals of justice. There must be no Doorn in this peace. Once and for all time it must be taught to the peoples of this world that dictators and bestial tyrants have no place here; that they are doomed before they begin and that the vicious and devouring lies which teach racial and religious hatreds can never find permanent lodgment in the hearts and souls of men. Perhaps it remains for this great moment of human history to teach by the example of this victory and the inevitable justice which must follow, that those who advocate and promulgate hatred and cruelty can never realize their vicious ambitions. I distinguish between vengeance and justice. Vengeance is not and ought not to be our method. Justice should be our aim. We should not ask for more; we must not demand less.

And so, America, on May 8th we turned another page. What we shall write there rests with our own hands and hearts. The problems, the hurdles, the difficulties which we must face will try the mettle of us all. It was not an hour for hilarity, festivity; and one could not help but discern, as one sat before the radio, that all of the celebrations which took place throughout the nation had a more sombre tone, and one could easily detect that underneath them all there was running an undertone which could not be quite tuned out, in spite of the shouting and the joy. It was an hour for consecration, for prayer, for seriousness and for sobriety. We could not but remember that in the same block, or perhaps un-

der the same roof, there was a home with a lad in Okinawa. The war did not stop for him. Let us resolve that the most perfect tribute which we can pay to the Allied dead in Europe is to maintain our production, our support of every war need. There will be many an American boy who will need your blood in the blood bank. There are still bonds to be bought, clothing and food to give. America must not slow up one single effort. There will be another V-Day one of these days. It will be V-W Day—Victory for the World. Until that day arrives, V-E Day is but a milestone along the way that will finally bring dignity and peace again everywhere. P.B.

Broadcast Given By Dr. Bradley On WGN May 9th, 1945

(The day after V-E Day)

AN indescribable silence has come over the western world. The guns are stilled. For nearly six years night has meant terror to millions, and dawn agony to millions more —and now, quiet and stillness. It is not within the capacity of those who have never known the thunders of war to appreciate the quiet of peace. The people of this nation yesterday observed with a wide variety of expression the significance of the day, but it is impossible to even approximate what the feelings must be in the hearts of millions in Europe. One can easily understand the exuberance and vivaciousness of London and other parts of Europe, yesterday and today, for in London two days are being celebrated, but on the whole the manner in which V-E Day was characterized in our nation was of a much quieter nature. This we can understand too. Europe has been liberated from the actual devastating presence of the agony of war. Their experiences, their suffering, their sorrow have been much closer to their day by day living than has any experience we have faced. With the exception of those whose hearts have been all but broken by the loss of loved ones, the vast majority of us know nothing of the sufferings of those nations and peoples who have borne the full brunt of actual and daily warfare. We and they are deeply aware that there is still before us another war to be victoriously consummated; that fact, necessarily and justifiably, is before us all.

I have been thinking several times during the hours since yesterday at 8:00 a.m., when we received the official announcement, of what it must mean and of how it is being received by the American men and women still engaged in the campaigns of the Pacific and the islands beyond the seas. I know they must be encouraged. I know that they must share with the western world the same sense of relief which we all feel but I also know that perhaps in some of their minds there may be lurking the thought that they are fighting a forgotten war, and perhaps there may be an American boy on Okinawa tonight who feels he is forgotten. I am sure that the great heart and soul of this America of ours will never permit those feelings and ideas to be justified. In fact, when you analyze this whole situation, it becomes evident that the most effective way we can demonstrate our appreciation for the victory in the western world is to hasten and bring victory against our enemies of the orient. Instead of utilizing the end of the Euro-

pean phase as an opportunity for lessening our own support of every kind for bringing about a victory over Japan, we should only increase our efforts, or we are not worthy of this victory. One hour of deserting our work, one war bond we needlessly cash, one thing we needlessly do which slackens the pace now, is concrete evidence that we do not truly value the victory in Europe bought so dearly and paid for at so great a price. It is a perfectly natural thing for us all to feel a deep sense of relief of course, but we must also understand that only a military victory in the western world has been achieved; only the guns have been stacked and the arms surrendered. There are still before us problems and difficulties and barriers as great and powerful as war itself.

In a poll held as recently as last week, six out of every ten Americans said they believed there would be another war in fifty years. That tragic comment on American public opinion stands out in my mind tonight above all the events of the last twenty-four hours. Why should there be such an astounding expression on the part of more than half of our people? What does it mean and indicate? Obviously and primarily it suggests a lack of confidence on the part of us Americans in the ability to create and maintain peace. It means that there is lurking in our souls the suspicion that all efforts, all programs, all conferences, all diplomacy—everything, will fail, and that within half a century the world will be wading knee-deep in blood again and this awful, ghastly experience of war will return, to blight us, if it does, into savagery and paganism. Rest assured of one thing, that if it comes, there will not be two fronts to that war. There will be a battlefront and a home front. There will be no line, no strip of land, no ocean, no mountain range between those two fronts, if this molloch gets loose again in the world. The battlefront and the home front will be the only front. This is the last war in which there will be civilians and soldiers. In the next one there will only be the military. That's what these Americans mean, and that's what they may look forward to, who have no confidence in the ability of those who are attempting to create peace. If it is true that we cannot stop war, and that we are all caught, like squirrels in a cage, running about in a ceaseless, whirling imprisonment of historical repetition, then it would be vastly better if the whole universe would crash into a million fragments and fall forever through space and meaningless void. Already one hears sly suggestions and intimations that another war is in the making. In the making with whom? Great Britain? France? China? Russia? Certainly if you think that the seeds are being planted in the garden of hate to germinate another plant of poison and death, that war must be against those who in this hour are standing by our side and whose sons are blending their own life's blood with the blood of our own. It makes me almost breathless at this moment as I think only with horror of the insidious, deep-seated, subtle efforts to create hate and discord in the world. Before the blood of our own sons is cold that has been shed in this war, there are those who already are intimating another is before us.

Oh, my America, stop: think: listen: listen to the silence of the dead! If the memories of those who are not sharing, either in Europe or on the beaches of the sea, in the exultation of our hearts means anything, listen to them! I heard them speak at San Francisco; for, hovering over that great conference as I sat there listening, watching, I saw the spirits, the ghosts of the dead. They

are at San Francisco, and they will haunt the souls of the war makers and the disturbers and the haters, all the rest of time. They are the ones who challenge us in this hour; not the shouting, not the singing, not the hilarity; not the noise, but the thunder of their silence fills our ears in these days. No, my fellow Americans, let us not deviate from the responsibility before us, but let us press on with the same quality of heroism and courage with which those who died for us met their destiny. Let us not rest by day or by night until we have exhausted every effort, attempted every pattern, done everything we can that we might get the world on the highway, the highway that leads to the beauties of everlasting peace!

In perfect keeping with my thoughts tonight is this poem of Thomas Curtis Clark's, which he calls "On a European Battlefield":

"They are not dead, the soldiers fallen here;
Their spirits walk throughout the world today;
They still proclaim their message far and near;
Might is not right. God's truth must have its way!

Go forth and tell their message to the world;
In vain their fight, in vain the foe withstood,
Unless above all kingdoms be unfurled
The pure white flag of love and brotherhood."

BOOK CHATS

QUENTIN REYNOLDS said the other day, the three greatest discoveries of the war were the Jeep, Ernie Pyle and the Red Cross girl. Few of us perhaps could quarrel with Mr. Reynolds in his observation, and the book which I am now going to bring to your attention is entitled "At His Side," written by George Korson, and is a book which I challenge any reader to begin without finishing. Nothing quite like it has ever been written about this war. In order that the author might write authoritatively, he has had access to the American Red Cross official archives, as well as the reports from overseas, and many, many interviews with returned Red Cross personnel, and then, that it all might be presented with factual accuracy, he has had the cooperation of the executives in the organization in Washington and overseas, while he, himself, is a member of the Red Cross National Headquarters staff, a former newspaper man, interested in folk lore, and the author of several books.

This book, "At His Side," is just about the most human book that I have read in many a day. In Red Cross Clubs all over the world, in the most remote outposts, often under fire, the Red Cross Girls make a home away from home for the G.I.'s. They meet returning bombing missions with refreshing lemonade in the tropics, and steaming coffee in cold climates. They are at the side of wounded and sick heroes in army and navy hospitals and on hospital trains and ships and planes; and the Red Cross Field Directors, some of them veterans of World War I, go in with invasion forces on D-Day or soon after, giving constant

service to the combat units in the front lines. Like the serious war correspondent, Mr. Korson takes the reader from one theatre of war to another, showing the Red Cross Workers actually at work at the side of American troops under all conditions.

By an orientation in which Red Cross activities are skillfully integrated with military operations in each theatre, the author gives the reader a truly vivid history of the war. And I can imagine nothing from which parents who have sons and daughters on the outposts of the nation could get any finer understanding of what they have been going through than they can from this book. Here are intimate glimpses of Australia, New Zealand, Guadalcanal, the South Sea Islands, the Middle East, North Africa, China, Burma, India, Greenland, Iceland, Newfoundland, Brazil and the Caribbean, Sicily, Italy, Great Britain, France, Germany —they are all there, parading across the pages, as are also some of the world's great names in the military life: Eisenhower, MacArthur, Patton, Chenault, Churchill, the Roosevelts, and many, many others. This book is written something like Ernie Pyle writes. It has the humor, the pathos, the tragedies of war, and has a sincerity and warmth which makes it exciting and illuminating reading. It was published in March and you will be hearing increasingly about it.

Here is the story of the Red Cross men, too. Former football coaches, salesmen, hotel managers, college professors—many of them veterans of the last war, who couldn't sit this one out, while other men were dying for them; and it is the story of former stenographers, fashion designers, editors and salesgirls, the women who rode beside you on the "L" and in the bus, who daily clipped the beauty hints, and some of them who never mopped a floor until their maids walked out. It is a story of how these women repeatedly adjusted themselves to living in tents, with mud for floors and no plumbing. These Red Cross workers go into battle areas without benefit of military training and quickly learn the shortest route to a foxhole or a ditch when the enemy opens fire. Like the soldiers themselves, some have been killed in action, some have been decorated for bravery and many have led a charmed life. These powerful, moving stories are superimposed on the panorama of the entire war.

Here is the story of the forgotten American soldiers, and what they are doing in Alaska, Greenland, Iceland and Brazil, and here is the graphic story of the men who are sitting out the war in prisoners-of-war camps in Germany and the Far East. The book moves like a camera across the world, records the helpless rage of Red Cross Field Director Irving Williams, when waves broke over the decks of the American Red Cross Hospital Ship "S.S. Mactan," and sent cots and wounded men crashing together. Three days before the Japs entered Manila in January, 1942, Williams had taken charge of the only seaworthy ship available and had filled it with wounded servicemen; a story that will take its place among the sea episodes of history, and his account of how the jam-packed little ship, its tired engine straining at only nine knots, escaped from Manilla and reached Sidney 27 days later. There is a sea story never forgotten. The book picks up the adventures of Field Director Thomas S. "Tiny" Montgomery, a natural target of six foot eight and one-half inches. For months he was carrying messages home from United States Marines; he walked and crawled unerringly between Jap bullets in the jungles of Guadalcanal, and escaped without a scratch, only to

be later felled by a neutral mosquito.

George Korson, the author who, as I said, is a member of the American National Red Cross staff, took six months leave without pay to write this book, and in fifteen years of newspaper work and writing four other books, he has developed the crisp style that makes this book easy reading and holds one's attention from the very beginning until the last sentence. The book gives the author a very high rank among contemporary historians, and the distinction of being the first author of a book about the world-wide, overseas activities of the American Red Cross in World War No. 2. No more beautiful history has ever been made than that made by the organized mercy of the world, the Red Cross, and this book, "At His Side," tells the story with fidelity, with distinction and brilliance.

Here is a quotation from the book. The boy "Bill" was very bitter toward his father, who had been both father and mother to him, but from whom he hadn't heard for five months. I quote: "Then one evening an excited Bill broke into Field Director Roberts' tent shouting, 'Look here, Bob, I've got it at last—a letter from Dad'." . . . "Dear Son: If you live through this war and come home, I'm going to lick the dickens out of you. Don't ever set one of them Red Cross gals on me again. I'm on a sheep ranch in Montana, a hundred miles from nowhere. This Red Cross gal came 175 miles to find me. She rode fifty. Her car broke down, and so she hitchhiked to within seven miles of this ranch, and walked the last seven. She sat me down on this rock, gave me a pencil and paper, and said, 'Now write, you, write!' And I'm writing."

* * *

In all the years in which I have been lecturing and writing about books, I can say without exaggeration that I know of no book which I can endorse with such enthusiasm as the book I am next going to talk to you about—the recently published novel, "Apartment in Athens," by Glenway Wescott. Few books have ever come my way which I feel ought to be read as widely as this book, and read now. That it will soon be the most talked of book in America I have little doubt. That it will go into best-seller lists and stay there for a long, long time I have no hesitancy in prophesying.

We have had many, many books using this war as a background, and woven around incidents and experiences of the war, but it can be said and said truthfully so far as I know, this is the first book which has taken one aspect of this war for its focal point and experience, and then gone on to show effectively what that experience will mean to all posterity. This is the kind of book which will be written in the next ten years; but Glenway Wescott hasn't waited for the perspective of time. Those of us who live here in the mid-west are familiar with Glenway Wescott because of the very fine novels he gave us in the early days against the background of his native Wisconsin. After writing his book called "The Grandmothers," which received justified acclaim, there was a long interim in which some critics felt his creativeness had declined and that his earlier works were but flashes of writing which could not be sustained. Of great personal charm and spending a great deal of time traveling about the world, his personality won his many friends, but his pen was inactive. He attempted several things, but in the vernacular they didn't seem to "click," and nine years went by with only one published book, and this one did not indicate the present literary excellency of the book of which I am now writing

—"Apartment in Athens." It took his personal knowledge of what such a situation would do to people to light again the fire of his creative qualities, until he has given us deathless prose which portrays vividly and clearly the result upon the minds and souls of people of what happened in that apartment in Athens.

The story itself, like many great novels, is not complicated or involved, and the plot itself is not startling or unusual. Great novels need not have, necessarily, a great plot. There have been many great novels without great plots, but there never has been a great novel without a great theme and great characterization. This novel has a theme and it has unsurpassed characterization.

Every character who lives in the four-room apartment of the Helianos family is etched with lacelike precision against the background of the Nazi occupation of the City of Athens during this war. Coming into their home is a Nazi Captain, Ernest Kalter, who takes over and retains the family as practically his servants. Kalter is of a much higher type as a man than we usually think most Nazis are. He reflects a certain amount of culture and intelligence. Nikolas Helianos is a man who could be thought of as a usual type—rather inoffensive, somewhat though not unusually intellectual, but sort of an easy-going man. His wife is of similar character, slightly more on the side of restless nervousness, but still rather calm and philosophical about things. There is a twelve-year-old son and a daughter, Leda. The whole story revolves about this family and Ernest Kalter. They finally, through their experiences of fire, bordering starvation, are pulled down into the lower levels of life. Leda, the little girl, lives in a strange world, hardly aware, because of her fanciful imagination, of the reality of it all. But the son is motivated by only one thing, and that is his inner, insatiable desire to kill Nazis. Mrs. Helianos shares with him all the hatred against the Germans. The father, Nikolas, attempts as best he can to adjust himself to this frightful environment and agonizing experience by attempting to make the best of an uncontrollable situation. Through the book, and with this environment and background they live out their horrible days. Once the father says to his wife, "Undernourished people almost never take their own lives. It is a general rule, a platitude: hunger binds one to life. You might call it a philosophy. Stop and think how it is, even with us; we live fascinated, like animals, under a spell, from meal to meal."

This gives you an idea of how the people in the apartment in Athens live out their lives from day to day, dominated always by the persecutions of Kalter, until the experiences grind them more slowly into the tragedy of defeat and decay. Finally Kalter goes back to Germany on leave, and when he returns with a higher military rank from the Nazis, he is not the same man who went away, for his own loved ones were dead, and something happened to him. His whole attitude changes and this family begins to recuperate, and with thriving, suspicion increases as to the certainty of Kalter's change. The Nazi has many conversations with Helianos, in which he outlines his whole philosophy, his loyalty to it, and expresses himself on music and literature. There are moments when Helianos almost begins to think of Kalter as friend—when Kalter kills himself, cracked under the strain of his own philosophy, murdered by his own deeds.

But a letter is left by Kalter which, in its betrayal, results in the

father being imprisoned, and here the book rises to a crescendo of literary distinction seldom equalled. The wife, Mrs. Helianos, learns then the real character and the real truth about Kalter. Her husband in prison, tells us all in a letter which he is able to get to his wife, something we should all never forget; and I am going to quote from the letter: "It is in the very nature of Germans to change every so often; to appear to change. At the end of a war—or it may be, as in the case of our Kalter, before the end—suddenly they grow tired of war, they love culture, they feel sorry for those whom they have made miserable. It is all sincere; that is what makes it so dangerous for us, who have been taught to care more for sincerity than it is worth. . . . It is something for us to beware of: the good moods of Germans, their suddenly reforming and seeking to please, the natural changes of their hearts. In fact, the likable and virtuous ones are far worse than the others as it works out, because they mislead us. They bait the trap for the others. There will be a great passion in Greece when the Germans depart. There will be a little new generation begotten in a night, the progeny of bravery and pain and hunger. But this is the sad part of it—it will be in vain unless the nations develop a greater intelligence and precaution than they have shown so far, especially the great nations." Here I leave the letter, but I wish every person who has been a delegate to San Francisco, from every country and every nation, would read this book—a book which places its author, Glenway Wescott, in the first five of America's great modern writers. P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

MRS. BRADLEY'S Radio Mail Bag was unavoidably delayed for this issue, due to a number of things quite beyond her control. The mail boat doesn't start running this early up in the North Woods where she has gone on ahead as she always does in the spring. I envision her getting the garden started (for that is what she has written me she has been doing) and enjoying the arrival of the many varieties of birds which so greatly add to our delight in the early spring on our little island. There are many thing to be done to get everything running smoothly for summer occupancy, and it takes much longer to get things done with our ranks of workers at home depleted by the necessities of war. And so it happened there was no one available to get the Radio Mail Bag to town in time for our June edition of the Liberalist. No doubt it will arrive in time to be published in the Dial, so her many readers will not have to miss it entirely.

If I had searched through the mail for this entire season, however, I am certain there would have been no letters more fitting for a helpful thought to those who read them, than the two which came in the same mail this week.

The two letters are quite a coincidence, for the second letter shows such a spirit of helpfulness and service and a desire to give to life, while the first letter seems to be one long complaint from the writer because life has not given her more. This varied mail which comes to me, these letters with individual problems, many of which I read and answer on my Friday night broadcasts, have proven of great general interest. That is natural, I think, for by and large, we are all subject to pretty much the same difficulties; the earning of a livelihood, the meeting of a crisis now and then, a few pleasures mixed in.

We give to life and we get from life, and it depends so much on what we give to life how life reacts toward us. I wonder if you ever stopped to think about that. It might surprise any one of us if we were to sit down quietly some day and ask ourselves—"Just what am I giving to life?"

Well, a letter came in the mail from a woman in Iowa, and it was full of complaint. I think it would be kinder if I did not mention her name. Though it was one long complaint, telling of all the sacrifices she had made in life, yet underneath and through all her experiences, she seemed to have had a great deal of variety in her life—much more than the average—life had been far from what we sometimes call "a humdrum existence" for her; yet she enlarged only the difficulties along the way, lightly overlooking many advantages of travel which other people would have envied her. One couldn't help but feel that no matter what life had offered, this woman would have dwelt only on the difficulties. She gave no gratitude for the blessings and so she really forgot she ever had any.

Well, the other letter which came in the mail is from Elizabeth, who writes about her friend and benefactor, Miss A. a former teacher who, in March, 1932, drove out to her home in a small town for a much needed rest and found an unbidden guest, Elizabeth, in her home, ill in bed. The house was cold, Elizabeth was having a hard time breathing. Miss A. went next door and telephoned for a doctor, returned and made the fire, and for three weeks stayed on, nursing the ill and unbidden guest. Between times, when not making a fire or waiting on Elizabeth, she worked on some contests and won $500, which she immediately put to work for her "Court of Kindness," for in this quite accidental way, back in 1932, she started the first hospitality house in the United States, and it has been functioning ever since. Her entire earnings go into it and the few contributions she gets by mail help—mostly old clothes, curtains, rugs, shoes, magazines, books, toys.

Miss A. returned to Chicago and taught her term out, but then the school (a private one) closed its doors, so she went back to her home in the small town, and the gatepost must have been marked, for wayfarers stopped for food, soap, lodging and clothes. In those early 30's there was no work, yet every guest who stopped asked: "Got a job for me, lady?" Somehow, by the grapevine system, word of the Court of Kindness traveled and meals were served the hungry. Somehow there was always enough coffee and bread, or a pot of soup—and there was always soap. To this day the first appeal is, "Any soap, lady?" And even today, when there seems to be work for all, dusty wayfarers stop at the Court of Kindness for coffee, bread, soap, shoes. There are jobs for some, too. Not for all.

"*I* am Elizabeth, and I am terribly lame, walk with crutches, as I had been a lady tramp longer than I care to admit before I stumbled into the empty,

jolly-looking old house that has been my home ever since 1932. Miss A. is a Christian lady. Jew, Gentile, Negro, Greek, German, French, are, to her, God's children. No questions are asked. The buffeted, careworn traveler stays a day, two days, a week, and in these times when jobs are to be had, makes herself some clothes out of what has been sent in. We haven't had a man in three years stop for comfort. Men seem to be working. But women—Lord help the woman over fifty! Nobody wants her to work for them, unless it be at a pittance, to take care of babies while the parents are away.

"Many times things are desperate at the Court of Kindness, and the food situation is more than often disastrous! A few stamps are often an unknown quantity; a bit of writing paper isn't to be had; and when we eat dry bread, dunked in coffee, we are banqueting if there is milk for the coffee. There are hundreds of letters to write. The little lady in Minnesota who sends a package of figs and 16 tea bags every month must have a personal letter from Miss A., and the man in Texas who sends $5 every month also has to be answered, as does the candy store owner in Middle Village who sends candy, magazines and old clothes. Stamps! How they figure in the Life of the Court of Kindness.—How the lack of them and of envelopes, paper, pen and ink make a desperate situation!

"All callers are called guests. Food is the first consideration, then clothes. A bath sandwiches itself in. A good night's sleep, clean body and clothes, warm food, makes a woman see through rose-colored glasses. Miss A. does not say when she calls to see about work: "This is a lady tramp—" She says: "I have a capable woman who would fill the vacancy you list," and the job is in the bag. Every humanitarian problem is handled, and the Court of Kindness depends upon voluntary donations. Now we are eight women living here, praying together, practicing kindness, making over old clothes, assembling scrap books for the hospitals. Two of us are almost blind; three are past 70 and alone in the world; for these Miss A. is trying hard to get old-age pension. The near-blind are not yet residents of the state a year, so must wait until twelve months pass and they are citizens and eligible for state assistance.

"Then there is Marie Louise, who doesn't know who she is, having suffered cold, hunger and fear in her years of roaming. She is beautiful and speaks French most of the time. Next is Miss A., hale and hearty, publicity-shy, and last of all, Yours truly, Elizabeth." There ends the letter, and I offer these two letters without further comment. And I might add that if anyone would like the address of The Court of Kindness and will drop me a postcard I shall be glad to send it to them.

In closing, I should like to tell this story which Don Blanding, the well-known poet, now living in Ft. Pierce, Florida, tells: "A Florida back-country woman was hoeing out in front of her weather-beaten house. A neighbor stopped and leaned on the fence. "Effie May," she said, "it ain't fittin' for you to be hoein' out here today, when the whole town knows that you just had a letter from the government sayin' that your son Jim is layin' out in one of them furrin heathen lands dead. It just ain't fittin'." Effie May rested her hoe and looked at her neighbor with bleak, level eyes. "Friend," she said, "I know you mean well, but you just don't understand. This is Jim's land and it rejoiced his heart to see green things growin' because it meant that his maw and the young 'uns would be eatin'. This is his hoe, and when I'm hoein' I can almost feel his big strong

hands under mine and hear his voice sayin' "That's good, Maw. That's good.' I can't afford a stone monument for Jim. Workin', not weepin' is the only headstone I can give him. So, if you don't mind, neighbor, I'll do my grievin' in my own way."—P. B. And, as Mrs. Bradley always says, be sure to write AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

April 15th to May 15th

APRIL

16—Radio Address. WLS.
Radio Address. WGN.
Cut 3 records for WGNB.
Address Sportsmen's Dinner. La-Salle Hotel.

17—Radio Address. WGN.
Cut 5 records. WGN.
Address. People's Liberal Church.

18—Radio Address. WGN.

19—Radio Address. (Trans.)
Address. High School Assembly. Shenandoah, Ia.
Address. First M. E. Church. Shenandoah, Ia.

20—Radio Address. WGN. (Trans.)
Left for San Francisco Conference.

22—Attended San Francisco Cathedral.
Attended 1st Congregational Church (under auspices San Francisco Church Federation)

23—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
Spent day at San Francisco Conf-Center.

24—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
Address. Reception, International Lions Club dinner (1,000 present)
Address was recorded and repeated twice on CLW, Oakland, Cal.

25—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
Attendance Opening of United Nations Conference on International Organization.

26—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
Radio Address WGNB (trans.)
Attend. San Francisco Conf.

27—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
Attend. San Francicso Conf.

28—Attend. San Francisco Conf.

29—Sermon at 1st Congregational Church of San Francisco on "The Religious Basis of a Better World Order."

30—En route to Chicago via Seattle and Vancouver
Radio Address. WGN (trans.)

MAY

1—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)

2—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)

3—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)

4—Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
Arrived Chicago.

6—Two services Peoples Church
Greeting to overflow audience in Anderson Hall
Address. Town Forum Club. Hotel Continental
Address. Anniv. Granville Ave. Methodist Church Dinner, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

7—Address. Women's Club Peoples Church. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Radio Address. WGN.
V-E Day Service. Peoples Church.

8—Luncheon conference. Chicago Club.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Federated Church. Sycamore, Ill.

9—Address. Chicago Heights Kiwanis Club.
Cut record. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
Address. Men's Forum, Congre. Church. Benton Harbor, Mich.
10—Address. Ill. Fed. Wom. Clubs.
Cut record. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN.
Radio Address. WGNB (trans.)
Address. The Uptown Players Center.
11—Cut record. WGN.
Address. Commencement Good Samaritan School of Nursing Vincennes, Ind.
Radio Address. WGN (trans.)
12—Address. Friends of Literature Hotel Continental.
13—Address. Radio WGN. Pres. Truman's Day of Prayer.
Morning service. Peoples Church
Sermon. Warren Av. Congregational Church.
14—Cut 2 records. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Unitarian Church, Hinsdale, Ill.

WEDDINGS

APRIL

16—Kenneth A. Johnston and Valere J. Bartlett

MAY

8—Roland L. Davis and Lillian Schreiber
12—Paul Zimmerman and Phyllis Cody
Joseph Garmire and Sylvia Agnes Davis
Eugene S. Bohlin and Lillian Lindenberg

FUNERALS

APRIL

17—Fred Long

MAY

10—Edward Weldy
Margaret Forhan
14—John Willhoft

CHRISTENINGS

MAY

6—Keith Charles Hodges, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hodges
13—William Samuel Beebe and Phyllis Christine Beebe, children of Mr. and Mrs. William Beebe
13—Marilyn Louise Emery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Emery

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

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* * *

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June 1st and 2nd—8th and 9th

Dramatized by Emmet Lavery from the novel by Eric Shepherd. A very thrilling mystery play which has run on the west coast for about a year. Because of its current success The Players are holding it over through June 9th.

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An original musical revue, presenting many of The Players in entirely new roles.

* * *

JUNE DRAMA TEA

One-Act Play—"FUMED OAK"

June 3rd, at 4:00 p.m.

In the cast—Elsie Kerbin, Mary Homberg, Gladys LaBedz and J. Bradley-Griffin. Guest artist, Carol Louise Smith, soprano, winner of Chicagoland Music Festival Award.

* * *

The Uptown Players Center Closes for the Summer Months June 30th. The Uptown Players Will Open Their Season in September with "Port of Chicago." All Classes will be Resumed in September.

Honor Roll

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George Freitag
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Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
*H. John Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Maj. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Maj. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
*Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
Sgt. James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Capt. Carroll D. York
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr

Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
*Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Lt. Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
*Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
Sgt. James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich
Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips
Sgt. William R. Hurley
Robert C. Stippe

June Blair Lauletta
Fred H. Goetz, Jr.
Stanley Kredler
R. B. Byron
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
James R. Victorin
Daniel Jack Woods
Sidney Weinberg
Mark Alan Miles
Cpl. Harold W. Hoots
Carl Leonard Fishman
June Fuss
Betty Philbrick
E. J. Wilkins
Leslie Merrill
Earl Palmer
James M. Woods, Jr.
Betty Droth
Harold Anderson
W. Ross Williamson
Noel Dudley Gregg
Robert D. Gregg
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Lt. Carlton H. Marsh
Kenneth R. Ball
Lt. Marjorie Schulten
Calvin C. Kemper
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Philip Langley
Gordon Robert Burkhard
Gordon R. Dahlstrom
Marvyn F. Harbert
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John M. Miller
Clarence W. Palo
Alfred C. Palo
Richard Arthur Arnopol
Robert Dwinell
James H. Roof
*Frank Anderson
William R. Gau
Harold R. Miller
Vincent William Larsen
Sarah Parks McCord
W. A. Molzahn
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Arthur Schumacher
Mary Willeumier
Arthur Bluhm
Ens. Robert W. Scholler
Lt. Mario Cappelli, Jr.
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Lt. John T. Etter, Jr.
Ens. Robert George Allen
Corp. Huber C. Lantz
Capt. Donald G. Faulkner
Theodore Gaillard Thomas
Foster Wagner
Rosalie M. Carlton
William A. Lehnert
Donald Seth Smith
Howard H. Kastner
Leo A. Perfumo
James T. Cuzort
Cpl. Don Maddox
Frank J. Mason
George J. Fortuin
Robert Harry Fulton
George A. White
Eileen Johansonn
William C. Garner
Anne E. Henning
Roger Miller

*Killed in action.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.

Closing Sunday Service, Sunday morning, June 10th, 33rd Anniversary Service.

Dr. Bradley's subject: "STAYING YOUNG WHILE GROWING OLD."

Church re-opens for Sunday morning services, September 16th.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Re-opens First Sunday in November) 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.. 9:30 a.m.
(Closing Sunday, June 10th—Re-opens September 16th)

Annual Church School Picnic:
Forest Glen Preserve—Sunday, June 17th

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES (Re-open First Wednesday in November)..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday Evening—Church Auditorium 7:30 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall.....9:30 a.m.—4:00 p.m.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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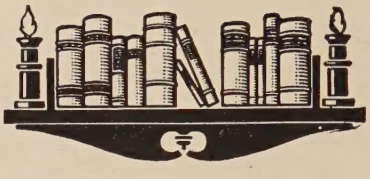

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